

OCTOBER

No. 36

10¢

SMASH COMICS



ANOTHER
MIDNIGHT
THRILLER





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

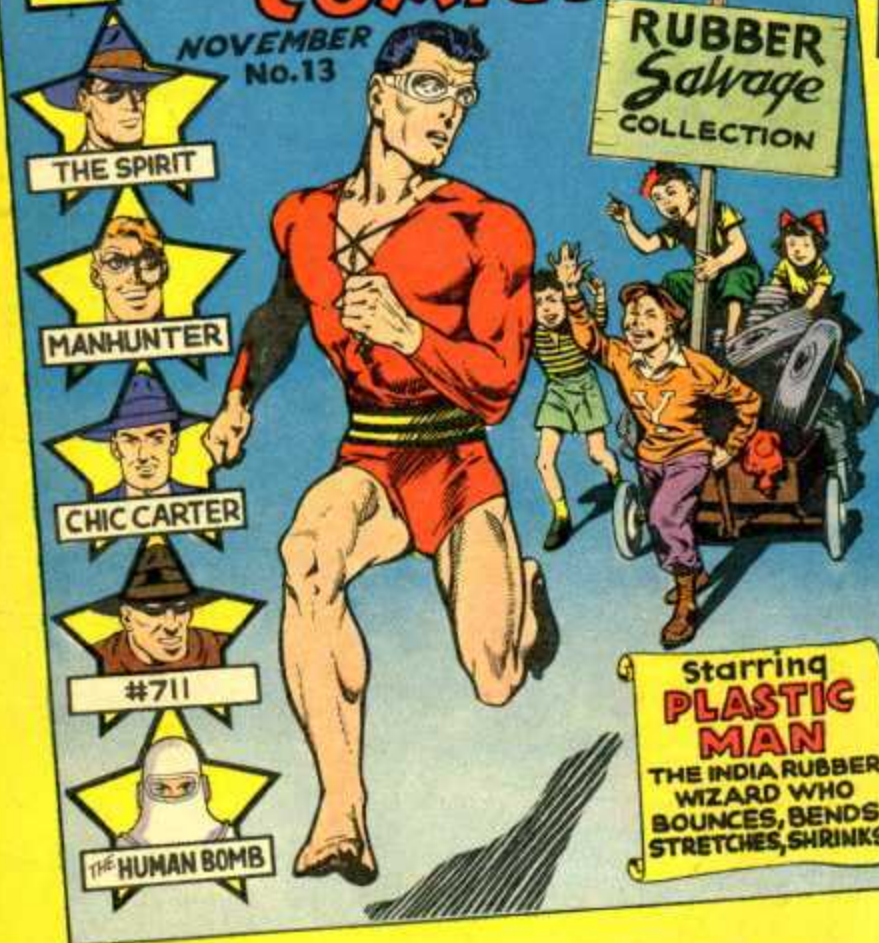
HERE IT IS!

POLICE

COMICS

10¢

NOVEMBER
No. 13



WITH
THE BEST
COMICS
EVER TO
REACH
THE
NEWS-
STANDS
!

TWO SMASHING LEAD FEATURES
PLASTIC MAN AND THE SPIRIT
Plus MANHUNTER THE HUMAN BOMB
CHIC CARTER PHANTOM LADY
AND MANY OTHERS

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A BELL RINGER!

PACKED
WITH
THRILLS

STORIES OF THE **ARMY AND NAVY**
MILITARY
COMICS 10¢

NOVEMBER
No 13

BLACKHAWK
VERSUS
THE BUTCHER
COMICS MOST HEROIC
CHARACTER
PITTED AGAINST
WORST VILLAIN

ANOTHER EDITION OF
SECRET WAR NEWS
THE SNIPER
PHANTOM CLIPPER
SHOT AND SHELL



FEATURING AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

BLACKHAWK

ALSO THE SNIPER, SECRET WAR NEWS, PHANTOM CLIPPER
AND MANY OTHERS

DON'T MISS THEM!

THE Tootsie Roll of Honor

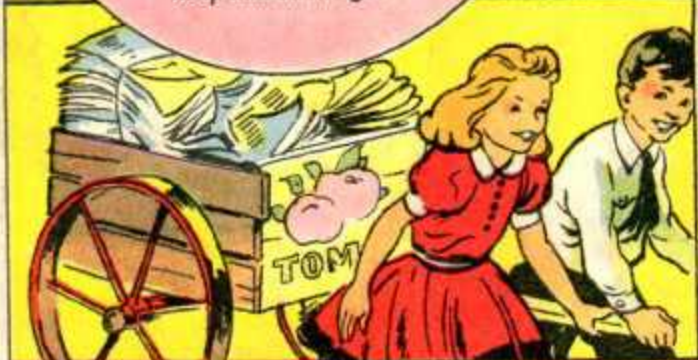
THEY'RE HELPING OUR COUNTRY. ARE YOU?



THIS TOOTSIE FAN collected 931 pieces of aluminum for defense! Plenty of Tootsie Rolls help keep him on the go.



YOU SHOULD SEE 12-year-old Jean roll bandages. Like a veteran! She gets plenty of food energy from Tootsies!



BROTHER AND SISTER ACT for the U. S. A. Together they collected over 8,000 pounds of paper. The whole town sure likes them!...and they sure like Tootsie Rolls!



SHE'S ONLY 11. But this bright Tootsie girl persuaded every classmate to buy a Defense Stamp every week! Yes, Tootsies are fuel for brains too!



UNCLE SAM SAYS:

"Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and rich in energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose for quick food-energy!

Only Tootsie Pops have a Heart!



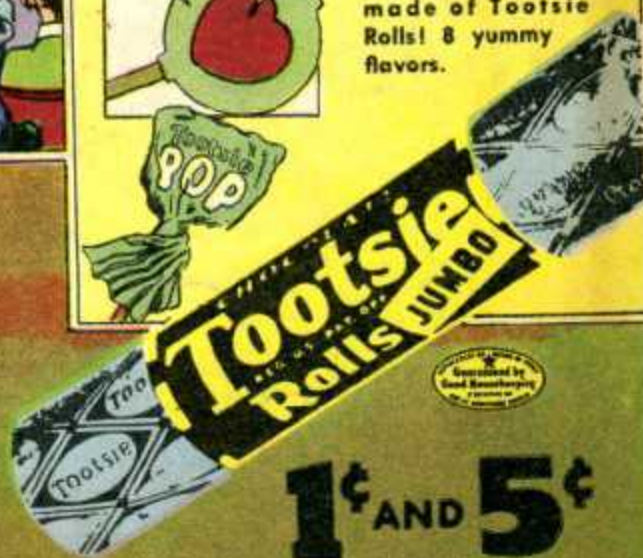
See the picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open, to show you its heart made of Tootsie Rolls! 8 yummy flavors.



EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY

ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

America's favorite chewy chocolatey candy!



1¢ AND 5¢

MIDNIGHT

HERE YA
ARE GANG!
MIDNIGHT'S
GONE INTO
NINE PAGES..
JUST LIKE YOU
ASKED FOR!

WE HOPE YOU DON'T
REALLY BELIEVE THIS
BIZARRE ADVENTURE
OF DAVE CLARK, ALIAS
MIDNIGHT..
NEED WE SAY MORE ?

WITH
GABBY
THE
TALKING
MONKEY

AND
DOC
WACKY



PRESENTING.... THE DEATH OF MIDNIGHT!!

by JACK COLE..

ODDLY ENOUGH WE OPEN AT THE END OF A STORY...IT HAS BEEN ONE OF VIOLENT ACTION BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND CYCLOPS, CEYLON'S GANG!

FINALLY, THE FIGHT HAS NARROWED DOWN TO TWO MEN: CYCLOPS AND MIDNIGHT! EVEN NOW THE KILLER FLEES BEFORE EVER CHARGING MIDNIGHT...



THEN CYCLOPS' RADIO-EQUIPPED CAR SKIDS...



UP BALD MOUNTAIN THEY GO, CLIMBING MADLY, UP...UP...



THUS BEGINS A STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH



FAR BELOW MIDNIGHT'S TWO AIDES, GABBY, THE TALKING MONKEY, AND DOC WACKY, THE INVENTOR, WATCH THE HOT CONTEST!



SOON A CROWD GATHERS



ON AND ON THEY BATTLE

PUFF-PUFF
I'LL PULVERIZE YOU!!

HA! HA!



THEN

GOOD GRIEF!
THEY-THEY'RE
GOING TO FALL!!



THIS IS
THE END,
CEYLON!

BUT YOU'RE
COMING TOO!
HA..HA HA
HA HA

OH!

RUN!

HERE
THEY
COME!

THUD

I-I
CAN'T
LOOK!

OH!



MIDNIGHT!
SPEAK TO
ME! OH,
DOC, HE-
HE ISN'T...

YES..HE'S
GONE!



OH, NO!
NO.. NO.. IT
COULDN'T BE!
HE'S NOT DEAD

STEADY,
BOY!



ON NO TIME THE SAD NEWS IS
FLASHED TO THE WORLD..

..AND IT CAN
TRULY BE SAID "HE
DIED WITH HIS BOOTS
ON".. FIGHTING THE
BATTLE FOR JUSTICE
ETC, ETC...



AND WITH A NATION IN
MOURNING, THE WORLD'S
GREATEST CRIMEFIGHTER
IS LAID TO REST..



YES,
MIDNIGHT IS
DEAD! WE PAUSE
A MOMENT IN
REVERENCE TO THE
MEMORY OF A
BRAVE SOUL WHOSE
ENTIRE LIFE WAS
DEVOTED TO THE
ADMINISTRATION
OF JUSTICE!



SOON SPIRIT PARTS
FROM BODY...



AND JOINS THE GREAT
CARAVAN BOUND FOR
ETERNITY... AT A FORK
IN THE WAY HE STOPS...



NAME,
PLEASE!

DAVE
CLARK..
ALIAS
MIDNIGHT!



MID-
NIGHT
??



WELCOME,
FRIEND! I NEED
NOT LOOK UP YOUR
RECORD!.. WE'VE
HEARD ALL ABOUT
YOUR FINE
DEEDS!



YOU HAVE
MORE THAN
EARNED THE
RIGHT TO
TAKE THE
BRIDGE TO
HEAVEN!

IF IT'S
ALL THE
SAME
TO YOU,
I'LL TAKE
THE
SLIDE TO
HADES!



YOU SEE, BEING
A CRIME-FIGHTER
I'D LIKE NOTHING
BETTER THAN TO
TAKE A CRACK
AT THE WORST
CRIMINAL OF
ALL!.. THE
DEVIL!!

FOR-
SOOTHE
YOU ARE
A BRAVE
MAN!
BUT I
WARN YOU..
YOU'RE IN FOR
A.. ER.. HECK
OF A TIME!!



WELL, HERE
GOES
NOTHING!



DOWN
DOWN
DOWN
HE
FALLS..



AND LANDS..

RED
FIRE!



HA
HA
HA

?

BEHOLD
THE ONE
WHO WISHES
COMBAT
WITH THE
DEVIL!!

HO
HO
HO
HO
HO
HO









IMPS FOUR IN ON THEM

CUT THEM
TO RIBBONS,
MEN!



BUT THE DEVIL RUNS INTO
TROUBLES OF HIS OWN!...

WELL, HOW
ABOUT IT?
HAVE YOU
CHANGED YOUR
MIND?

OKAY!
OKAY.. I'LL
DO IT.. ONLY
STOP THE
ASSAULT!!



HIS WIFE VIEWS
THE PROCEEDINGS

SO! THE DEVIL
CALLED OFF
THE NAZI
INVASION, DID
HE? WE'LL
SEE ABOUT
THAT!!



GRAR!



BUT SUDDENLY
A HOOK REACHES DOWN



UP..UP..UP..
HE IS
CARRIED..



AND DEPOSITED BACK AT
THE FORK IN THE ROAD



WHAT'S
THE IDEA OF
BRINGING
ME BACK?

TO MAKE
A LONG
STORY
SHORT..

IT SEEMS
YOUR TIME ON
EARTH ISN'T UP
YET. IN FACT
YOU'RE DUE
THERE NOW,
SO HURRY.



MEANWHILE,
UP ON EARTH
DOC AND
GABBY WAIT
WITH BAITED
BREATH
FOR THE
OUTCOME OF
THE
EXPERIMENT

D..DO YOU THINK
IT'LL WORK, DOC?

NO, BUT IF
IT DOES
MIDNIGHT
MUST NEVER
KNOW
OF OUR
DEAL!

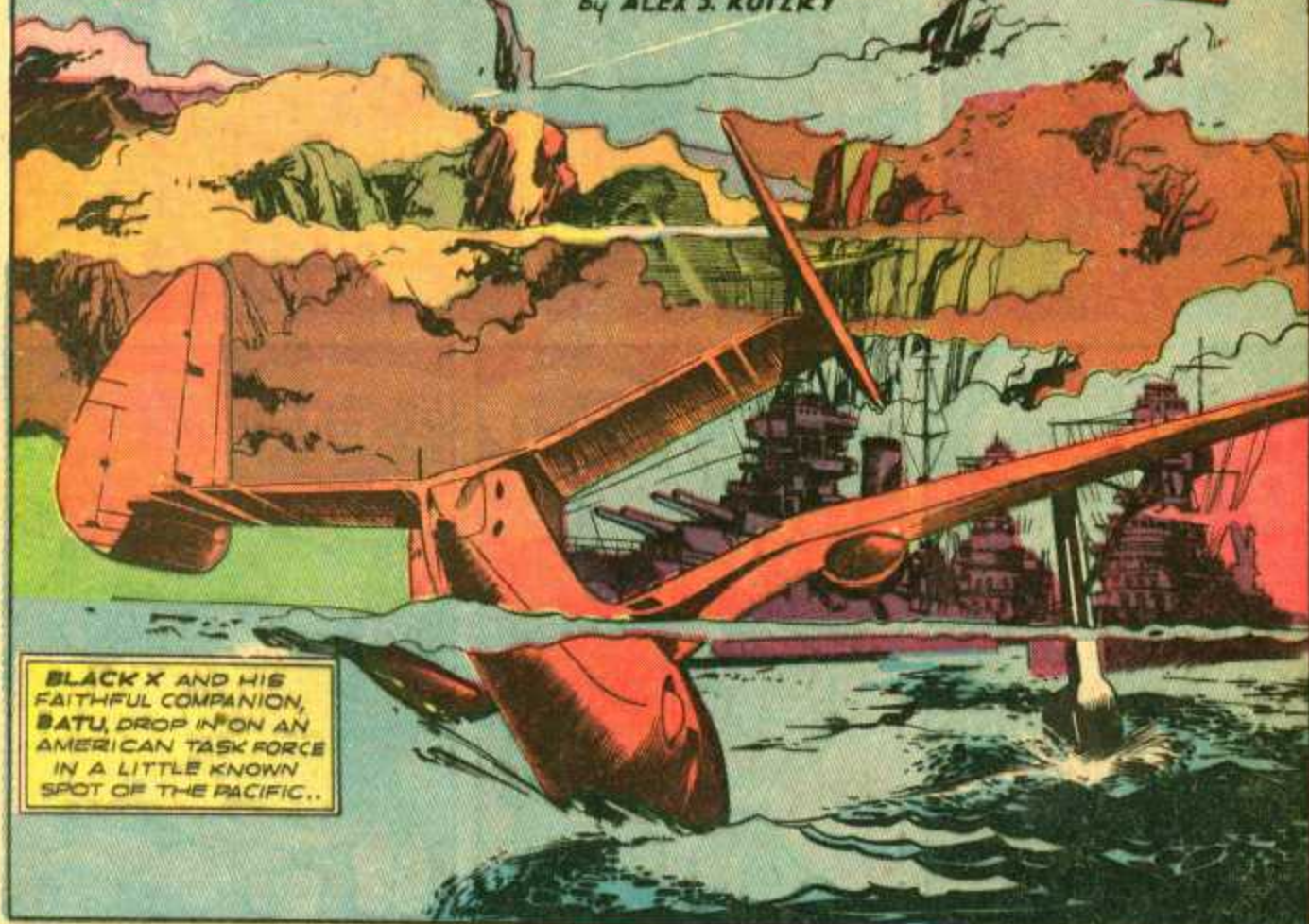


AH!
COME HERE,
GENTLEMEN!



ESPIONAGE

by ALEX S. KOTZKY



BLACK X AND HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION, BATU, DROP IN ON AN AMERICAN TASK FORCE IN A LITTLE KNOWN SPOT OF THE PACIFIC..

HOW DO YOU DO, COMMANDER?

BY GODFREY, IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



THE NEW ARRIVAL CONVERSES WITH THE COMMANDER, THEN...

YOU'RE ASKING FOR SUICIDE, BLACK X?

NO, JUST TWO ASBESTOS SUITS, CAPTAIN!



... AND IF I'M NOT BACK AS A FLYING TIGER IN THREE DAYS... COUNT ME A DEAD PIGEON !!



THAT NIGHT, INTO A JAP HELD WAR-BOR, WHERE TWO OF NIPPON'S BATTLE SHIPS LIE AT ANCHOR, STEAMS AN INFERNO OF YANKEE INGENUITY...



ON THE BLAZING DECK!

THERE'S A V-MAN IN EVERY JAP HELD TOWN IN THE ORIENT, BATU... WE DON'T KNOW WHO OR WHERE HE IS, BUT SOMEHOW WE'LL CONTACT HIM!



LOOK, MASTER! WE'RE GOING TO RAM... THEN JUMP!



LOOK, BOTH SHIPS AND THE DOCK HAVE CAUGHT FIRE, GOOD JOB!



NOW TO GET ASHORE WITHOUT BEING SEEN, OH, OH!



AMERICAN DOG!



SO FAR, SO GOOD... NOW,
BATU, SECURE ME A DISGUISE!



BATU'S STRANGE POWER TO
PROJECT HIS IMAGE AIDS HIM...



HOURS LATER...

NO SIGN OF A V-MAN...
BUT THERE MUST...
WHAT'S THAT
STRANGE NOISE?

NATIVE
MUSIC...
DANCING
GIRLS...



HMM...
SO THE JAPS
HAVE COMMANDERED
THE FAVORS OF
THE JAVANESE
DANCERS!



LOOK MASTER!
THE V.!



THE FINGER
MOVEMENTS
IN ALL
JAVANESE
DANCES
HAVE THEIR
SPECIAL
MEANING
UNKNOWN
TO
OCCIDENTALS
BUT
THIS
MESSAGE
IS
PLAIN
ENOUGH
TO
BLACK
X!



FOLLOW HER,
BATU!



HALT! YOU
CANNOT GO
IN THERE!



SIR, I HAD
NO SUCH
INTENTION!



IT WOULD BE THE
LAST THING TO
ENTER MY MIND!



THE TEMPLE
OF SECRET
SIGNS...
TONIGHT!

THAT NIGHT...

THE TEMPLE
OF SECRET
SIGNS!



IT IS SUSPICIOUSLY
NOISELESS HERE,
MASTER!

JUST THEN...

HA, HAH, HA, HA!



THE IDOLS! THEY'RE
COMING TOWARD US!



HAH-HAH-HAH!



B. BATU! LOOK! WE
WALKED INTO A TRAP!

HAH!



YES! AND NOW YOU WILL DIE
IN THE BOTTOM OF THE
SIGHING WELL !!



YOU WERE LOOKING
FOR THE V MAN .. I AM.
THE VENGEANCE, SWORN TO
DESTROY ALL WESTERN MEN
AND THEIR ALLIES! THROW
THEM IN THE WELL!



NO! WAIT!



I FORGOT. YOU WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT WHILE YOU GAWKED AT MY LITTLE DANCING GIRL, THE V YOU WERE SEEKING IS AT THE OTHER END OF THIS TEMPLE

Heh. Heh.



HE. HA, HANA...



BATU MAKES NO SOUND AS HE FALLS, FOR IT IS ONLY HIS IMAGE....



...AND CATCHING THE VENGEANCE FROM BEHIND, TOSSES HIM INTO THE WELL..



QUICKLY, MASTER...

NICE GOIN' BATU!



BUT....



MY ANCESTORS SLEPT ON BEDS OF SPIKES, I'LL TRY IT!



IT IS BUT AN OPTICAL ILLUSION... COME THROUGH, MASTER!



WELL, WE'RE BACK TO WHERE THE DANCERS...

YES. AND LOOK! THE HEDGES.



WE'VE FOLLOWED THE HEDGES OVER THE HILL. LOOK, BATU... WE MUST HAVE BEEN SEEN. THIS ROCK IS MOVING BACK!



THE HIDDEN CAVERN OF A V-MAN, SECRET FRIEND OF THE UNITED NATIONS...



I WISH TO LEAD A SQUADRON OF JAP PLANES OVER THE SAGON ARCHIPELAGOS!

I SEE, A TRAP.. IT WILL TAKE A FEW DAYS TO ARRANGE IT!

PERFECT! THEY EXPECT ME BACK BY THEN!

WELL, NOT EXACTLY...

I NEVER EXPECT TO SEE BLACK X AGAIN. THIS TIME HE'S TRIED THE IMPOSSIBLE!



But...TWO DAYS LATER!

GREAT SCOTT!! IT CAN'T BE!



IT IS! A WHOLE FLIGHT OF JAP PLANES! MAN THE HIDDEN GUNS!

UNKNOWN TO THE JAPS, THE SAGON ARCHIPELAGOS HAVE BECOME A NEST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS, WHICH NOW GO INTO ACTION, DESTROYING THE WHOLE FLIGHT.



FROM THE LEAD PLANE, TWO FIGURES DROP...



HELLO CAPTAIN! RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, WASN'T IT?

BLACK X! B..BUT HOW COULD YOU?

THE V-MEN'S SECRETS ARE NOT EVEN KNOWN TO ME.. SUFFICE TO SAY THAT WE HAVE FRIENDS WORKING IN THE HIGH COMMAND OF OUR ENEMY AND WHENEVER WE CAN REACH THEM, THEY WILL HELP US!



Archie O'TOOLE

GUESS I'LL DROP DOWN TO THE BEACH!

BUT THERE HAVE BEEN TWO ATTEMPTS ON YOUR LIFE, SIRE!

LOOK! THIS MOVIE EXTRA'S YOUR EXACT DOUBLE! LET HIM WEAR YOUR CROWN AND GO WITH YOU

CAN HE WEAR A 6 7/8?

YES, AND WITH THAT FALSE MUSTACHE NOBODY'LL KNOW YOU'RE THE REAL KING

AND IF ANYBODY GETS HURT IT'LL BE MY DOUBLE!

S'LONG, KING! WHILE YOU SNOOZE I'LL TAKE A STROLL

AT'S MY JOB!

FAIR ENOUGH

LATER

MM - SOME NAP! WONDER IF MY DOUBLES ALL RIGHT

I'LL SAY HE'S ALL RIGHT!

HONEST, ARCHIE, YOU'RE THE CUTEST KING I EVER MET!

YOU'RE TOO DARLING FOR WORDS, ARCHIE

AW, SHUCKS, GIRLS

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

I'M THE REAL KING! HOW 'BOUT BUZZIN' 'ROUND ME A BIT?

FAKE! BEGONE YOU BEWHISKERED BABOON!

YOU WITH THAT SILLY MUSTACHE!

SCRAM!

GO CUDDLE A WALRUS!

AH, SIRE, ANYBODY TAKE A SHOT AT YOUR DOUBLE YET?

NO. CONFOUND IT!

BUT I SOON WILL, S'HELP ME!

WILDFIRE

BY
JIM MOONEY
AND
BOB TURNER

ORPHANED
CAROL MARTIN,
ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF
A SOCIETY FAMILY, POSSESSES
POWER TO USE FLAMES FOR
ANY PURPOSE SHE DESIRES.
WITH THIS GIFT SHE WAGES
WAR AGAINST THE FORCES
OF EVIL, IN THE ROLE
OF **WILDFIRE!!!**



IN THE
MARTIN
HOME ONE
MORNING.

HO-HO! LOOK
AT THIS AD IN
THE NEWSPAPER
SOME ONE ACTUALLY
SEEMS TO BELIEVE
IN WILDFIRE!

LET'S
SEE,
DAD!

CLASSIFIED WANTED
PERSONAL
WILL WILDFIRE MEET ME AT
THE CORNER OF MASON
AND BORDER STREET AT
NOON TOMORROW.
IMPORTANT!

ISN'T THAT
RIDICULOUS? AS
IF THERE COULD
BE SUCH A
PERSON!





NOON, THE FOLLOWING DAY----

I'M A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT APPOINTMENT, BUT I GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER. MUST'VE BEEN A PHONEY, NOBODY HERE!



THAT LITTLE BOY SITTING THERE ALL ALONE, I WONDER...



ARE YOU LOST SON? CAN I HELP YOU?

NAH! THANKS, LADY, BUT I HAD A DATE WITH A DAME AND I-I GUESS SHE STOOD ME UP. (SIGH)



I GUESS I SHOULD'VE KNOWN A FAMOUS BABE LIKE WILDFIRE WOULDN'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED WITH A LITTLE PUNK LIKE ME. WELL, YOU CAN'T BLAME A GUY FOR TRYING!



BYE!

THE POOR KID, MAYBE I'D BETTER SEE WHAT HE WANTS!

I GUESS I'LL MOSEY HOME. S'LONG LADY!



SWIFTLY CAROL BECOMES WILDFIRE, AND...

SAY WHAT'S THE IDEA OF RUNNING OUT ON A GAL JUST BECAUSE SHE'S A LITTLE LATE?

WHA-WHAT? WILDFIRE! YOU-YOU CAME!



YOU SEE, MISS WILDFIRE I-I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU AND EVERYTHING AN'I SORT OF FELL FOR YOU, AND I THOUGHT-GAWSH, I DON'T KNOW- THAT MAYBE IF YOU LIKED ME TOO, THAT YOU'D...



I'D WHAT?

WELL, MAYBE GIVE ME SOME POWER OVER FIRE, OEE, IF YOU ONLY COULD I-AW, WHAT'S THE USE, I KNOW YOU CAN'T!



YOU'RE RIGHT, I CAN'T DO THAT, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN DO. FIRST I'LL HAVE TO DRAW FLAME FROM THAT BRUSH FIRE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SON?

MICKY KANE.



AND AS WILDFIRE ZOOMS OFF - - - -

I SAW HER! I TALKED TO HER! SHE GAVE ME A MAGIC FLAME! I'LL NEVER WAKE UP, I HOPE, I HOPE!



A WEEK LATER, IN THE HOME OF MICKY KANE - - -

TOM! TOM! YOU BIG LUG, YOU'RE HOME!

AND FOR A LONG WHILE I GUESS, MICKY, HOW'S MY TOUGH LITTLE KID BROTHER?



OWMAN, MICKY, I THINK YOU'RE FULL O' SOUP. I DON'T THINK YOUR BROTHER EVEN INVENTED ANYTHING TO MAKE POISON GAS HARMLESS!

YEAH, WELL YOU WAIT AND SEE. I'LL BET HE EVEN GETS A MEDAL FOR HIS WORK!



IF THAT KID MICKY KANE IS RIGHT, SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GONNA GET RICH QUICK!



IN HIS EXCITEMENT, MICKY KNOCKS THE CAN CONTAINING THE MAGIC FLAMES FROM HIS DRESSER. THE TINY FIRE IS FREED!



I'LL HELP TOM. I'LL FIX THOSE MUGGS!



LET MY BROTHER GO! HELP!!

HEY, SOMEBODY GRAB THIS KID!



LAY DOWN, BRAT!

THAT'S KANE'S KID BROTHER. BRING HIM ALONG SO HE CAN'T RAISE A BIG SMELL ABOUT THIS SNATCH!



WITH MICKY AND HIS BROTHER PRISONERS, THE CAR SPEEDS AWAY...



MADE GOOD TIME. GET 'EM INSIDE, WE'LL GO TO WORK ON KANE!



BACK IN TOWN, THE MAGIC FLAME HAS ENTERED CAROL MARTIN'S BEDROOM.

OUCH!



FUNNY! I HAD A DREAM SOMETHING WAS BURNING MY --- SAY! WHAT'S --- A LITTLE FLAME MAN BECKONING TO ME!



WHILE CAROL SLEEPILY FORGETFUL OF HER ARRANGEMENT WITH MICKY, TRIES TO FIGURE THE MEANING OF THE MAGIC-FLAME...

COME ON KANE GET SMART! YOU AIN'T LEAVIN' HERE ALIVE UNLESS YOU TELL US THAT ANTI-GAS FORMULA OF YOURS!

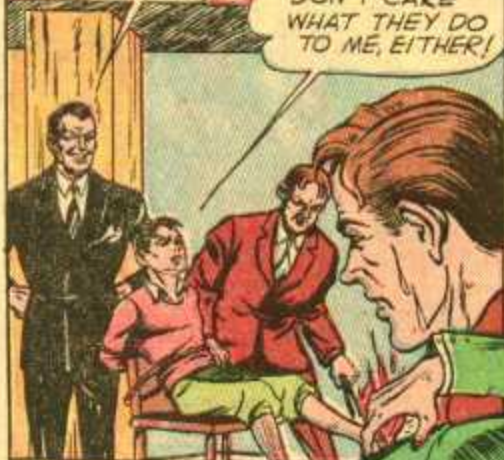


NOTHING DOING. GO AHEAD AND KILL ME. YOU GUYS WANT THAT FORMULA SO YOU CAN SELL IT TO AMERICA'S ENEMIES. WELL, YOU WON'T GET IT, NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO!



I THINK MAYBE YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND, KANE, AFTER YOU HEAR THE KID SCREAM A LITTLE!

DON'T GIVE IN, TOM; I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DO TO ME, EITHER!



THE FLAME SEARS MICKY'S FOOT, CRUELLY!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! LEAVE THE KID ALONE I CAN'T STAND IT! TURN HIM FREE AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW!

OOHHHH!



HOLD EVERYTHING, MICKY!



IT'S WILDFIRE! WE'RE LICKED!

RIGHT, PAL, JUST LIKE AN OLD POSTAGE STAMP!



AS THE TRAITOR'S BATTLE WILDFIRE, TOM AND MICKY BREAK FREE, JOIN THE FRACAS.....



YOU AND YOUR BROTHER SEEM TO HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND. MICKY, I'LL LEAVE YOU TO CLEAN UP THINGS!

WILDFIRE, WAIT! HEY...



MICKY, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! WHERE HAS SHE BEEN ALL MY LIFE?

WOW!

HEY, YOU LUG, THAT'S MY GIRL!







WHO DO YOU THINK PULLED THIS JOB, MCGINTY?

THE JESTER, CHUCK! NO ONE ELSE COULD PULL A SLICK JOB LIKE THIS! COME, FOLLOW ME AND YOU'LL LEARN SOMETHING!



MY FOOT! THAT THICK HEADED NUMBSKULL CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE BUT CATCHING THE JESTER... ME! HE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT THE SIX BANKS THAT WERE ROBBED!



SINCE YOU'RE OUT TO FOLLOW THE JESTER, MCGINTY, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... SEE THAT HE LEADS YOU TO THE REAL CROOKS!

IN A FEW MINUTES, CHUCK LANE CHANGES TO THAT HILARIOUS CRIME BUSTER, THE JESTER, AND SLIPS PAST THE POLICE INTO THE CENTER OF THE CIRCULAR DRAGNET!



THIS IS THE CENTER OF THE CIRCLE... THE OBVIOUS PLACE TO FIND A CLUE... IF THERE IS ONE!



HEY! WHAT'S THIS MAN-HOLE DOING OPEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET??



WAIT A MINUTE!! MAYBE THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



WHAT TH?? ONE OF THE PACKS OF STOLEN BILLS?



WELL I'LL.... **HOLY MACKEREL!**

HEY, PROF. HERE'S TH' DOUGH! CATCH!







HA-HA-HA! YOUR PAL'S
DON'T SEEM TO BE
MUCH HELP, PROFF!



ENTER MCGINTY...

GET YOUR MITTS UP!!
HEY, THERE'S NOBODY
HERE! FUNNY I
HEARD VOICES!

YOU
DID
MCGINTY!
HA,
HA!



BUT I TELL YOU
THE JESTER'S
HERE... I
HEARD HIM!

YOU'RE
CRAZY! THIS
PLACE IS
EMPTY!

SURE!
SHOW HIM
TO ME!



C'MON, PROFESSOR!
HOW DO WE GROW
UP AGAIN?

GA-AH!
TH- THE
OTHER SPRAY
GUN...
UNDER MY
DESK!



THANKS
!!



HA...
HA-HA!



MAYBE YOU'VE
BEEN WORKING
TOO HARD
MCGINTY...
THERE'S
NOBODY HERE!

YEAH! HOW
ABOUT THIS
STOLEN
DOUGH?



!GULP! EX-EXCUSE
ME, MCGINTY!

SEVEN LUGS
ON THE FLOOR
!!



HAHA-HA! NOW THAT
EVERYBODY HAS
GONE, I'LL GIVE MYSELF
A SQUIRT AND GROW
UP TOO!



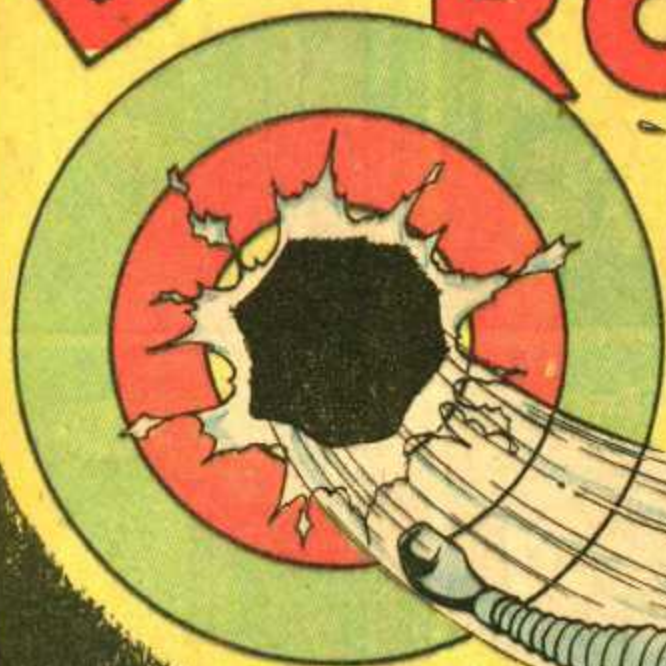
THE NEXT DAY...

LISTEN, DOC.. WE
NEED GLASSES.. AND
WE'RE GONNA
GET THEM NO
MATTER WHAT
YOU SAY!

HA..
HA
HA!

BOZO THE ROBOT

by
WAYNE
REID.



HUGH HAZZARD, OWNER OF THE GREATEST FIGHTING MACHINE OF ALL TIME, THE ROBOT- IS CALLED IN TO TRACK DOWN HI-JACKERS OF SCRAP METAL, NOW SO VITAL IN FIGHTING THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY-----

IN THE OFFICE OF HENRY VAUN, MILLIONAIRE JUNK DEALER---

TELL ME, HAZZARD - HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE THE GANG WHO HI-JACKS MY SCRAP METAL?

YES, MR. VAUN-

THE HIDE-OUT'S ON THE WATERFRONT AND IT'S THERE THEY LOAD IT ON SHIPS AND SEND IT OVERSEAS TO THE AXIS POWERS--

WHAT?

NOT ONLY THAT- BUT THAT LAST BRIDGE THAT WAS WRECKED- IT WAS THE WORK OF SABOTEURS!

YOU MEAN THE WRECKAGE I BUY IS THE RESULT OF THE WORK OF THIS MOB-- HOW DID YOU FIND ALL THIS OUT??

I FOUND THAT AND SOMETHING ELSE.....



A FEW MINUTES LATER, HUGH, INSIDE THE ROBOT, STREAKS THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY TOWARD CLOVE STREET.....



INSIDE, THE IRON MAN
LISTENS---

OUR NEXT JOB IS
TO SET THAT NEW
TRANSPORT SHIP ON
FIRE AN' TURN IT
INTO JUNK--

WHEN
DO WE
DO DAT?
TONIGHT--

I'D FEEL
BETTER IF
THAT IRON MAN
WHAT'S ON OUR
TRAIL WAS
OUT OF DA
WAY, BENNY--

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT HIM--
WE'RE ALL SET
FOR HIM--

HMM--

SO THAT'S THE
SET-UP... I'LL SEND
BOZO IN ALONE---

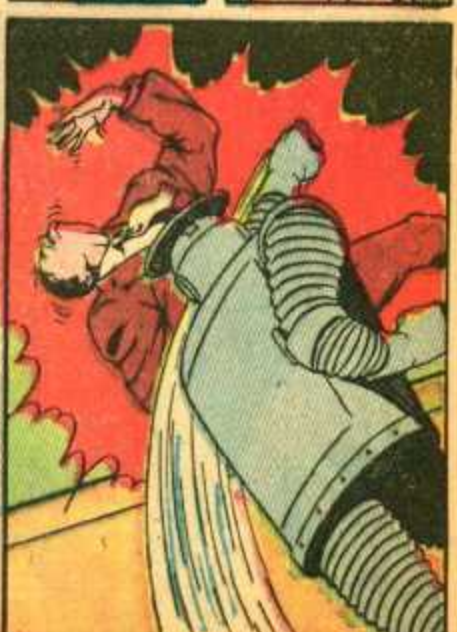
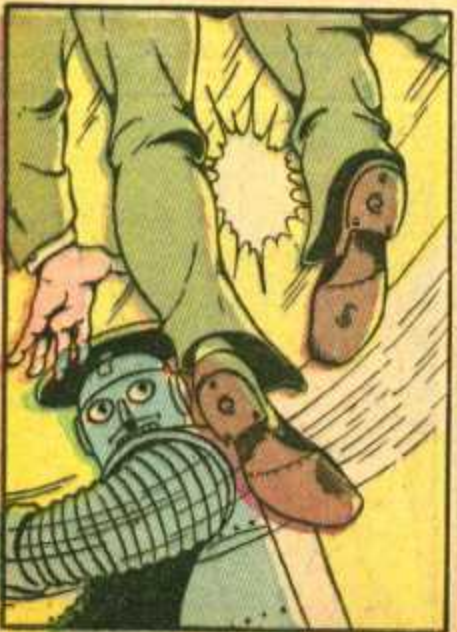
OKAY,
BOZO-GET
GOING!!

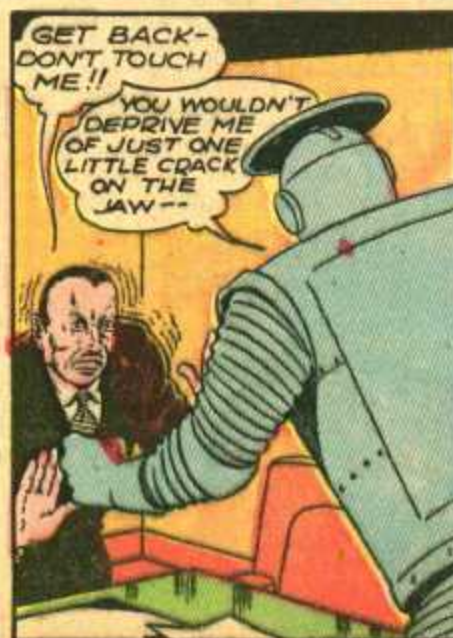
BENNY-
LOOK!

THE
IRON MAN-
AT HIM!

BENNY, ESCAPING - SEES
HUGH WATCHING THE BATTLE
FROM THE SHADOWS.....

OH-
OH--!





The RAY



CALLED BACK FROM
 WAR SHOCKED
 EUROPE TO HIS HOME
 OFFICE, **HAPPY**
TERRILL FINDS THAT
 NO NEWS CAN BE
 BAD NEWS FOR
 HIM... BUT WATCH
 HIM, AS THE RAY,
 UNTANGLE AN
 AMAZING CHAIN
 OF EVENTS.




FIRST PAGE.. WAR!
 SECOND PAGE.. WAR!!
 THIRD PAGE.. STILL
 MORE WAR!! I GOTTA
 HAVE SOME
 VARIETY!!



THERE MUST BE SOME
 NEWS IN THE WORLD BESIDES
 WAR AND HOLLYWOOD
 DIVORCES!!

WELL, WHATTAYA
 WANT ME TO DO,
 ROB A BANK??



YEAH!

EDITOR, IN CHARGE
PRIVATE



O.K., I'LL
 PULL A JOB
 ON THE FIFTH
 NATIONAL,
 TONIGHT!!



BOY! WHEN YOU NEWSBOYS DO THINGS, YOU DO 'EM UP BROWN! NOW THEY FOUND A **CASHIER MURDERED** OUT IN THE ALLEY, BEHIND THE BANK!!



HIT WITH A BLUNT OBJECT.. HEY! HE'S GONE! **TERRILL'S ESCAPED!!!**



RIDING ON THE VERY BEAMS THAT SEARCH FOR HIM, HAPPY, AS THE **MIGHTY RAY DROPS OVER THE PRISON WALLS...**



I WANT JUST ONE LOOK AT THAT **CASHIER..**



THIS'LL BLIND YOU ONLY FOR A MINUTE, **BUD!!!**



JUST AS I THOUGHT.. IT'S THE WORK OF THE **HAMMER HAND!!!**



NOW I KNOW I'VE BEEN **FRAMED!!** BY WHOM AND WHY... I'VE GOT TO CLEAR THIS UP **RIGHT NOW!!**



GREAT GRIEF!! THAT MEANS THEY'VE GOT **BUD..** HE WASN'T AT HOME OR THE POLICE WOULD HAVE BROUGHT HIM IN!!



THE **RAY** IS RIGHT!! AT THIS VERY MOMENT...



THIS BOY MAY CAUSE US TROUBLE.. HE MUST **DIE!!**

BUT A STRANGE THING OCCURS

AH, I CANNOT! HE LOOKS LIKE MY SON **OTTO** DID WHEN HE WAS YOUNG.. **OTTO IS DEAD** IN RUSSIA!! YOU DO THE **JOB!!**







BUT YOU SEE I HAVE MORE THAN ONE, HAMMER FIST!!



TURN OUT THE LIGHT, FRITZ!!

THE RAY IS MOMENTARILY POWERLESS IN THE SUD-DEN DARKNESS.



AND IN THAT MOMENT...

IT WAS A RISK... HITTING HIM WITH **THIS** HAMMER, BUT I HAD TO DO IT..

IT GAVE US TIME FOR A BLACKOUT.. YOU DIDN'T SOCK HIM HARD..



JUST AS THE RAY LEAVES THE HIDEOUT...

HEY!! TH' BOSS IN?



CAME TO GET PAID FOR TIPPING HIM OFF ABOUT HAPPY... HEY WHO'RE YOU?

ER.. YEAH.. WHATTAYA WANT??



YOUR PAY-MASTER, SONNY!!



AND THIS HEADLIGHT WILL SEND ME WHERE I WANT TO GO..



I THINK YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY, HAMMER HAND!!

HEY! LOOK OUT!!



Rookie RANKIN

BY ARTHUR PEDDY

By
ARTHUR
PEDDY

IN BED WITH A SLIGHT COLD,
ROOKIE IS MUCH DISGUSTED WITH
HIS FOND MAMA'S CODDLING!

IF IT'S TROUBLE YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR, ROOKIE...YOU'VE
GOT IT!!! FOR THERES A
WHIMPERING, SNIVELLING
KILLER JUST AROUND THE
NEXT PAGE WHO'S ITCHING TO
PROVE YOU'RE NOT WORTHY
OF THAT POLICE BADGE
YOU WEAR!

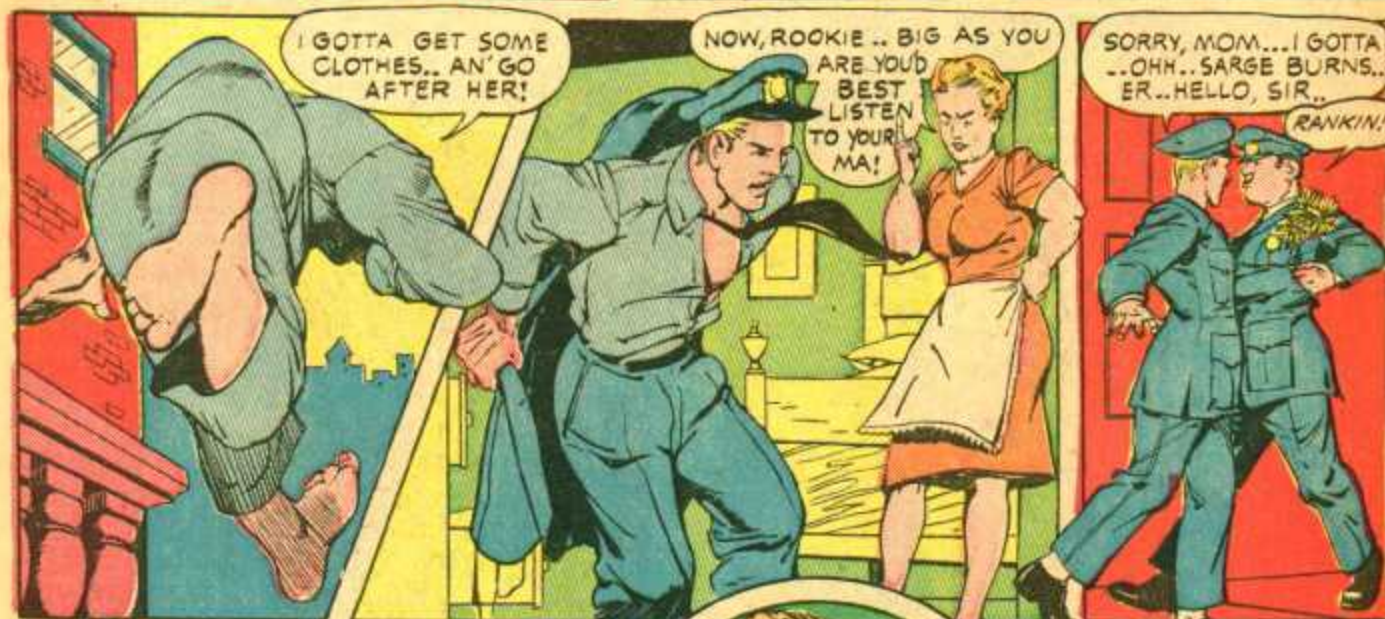
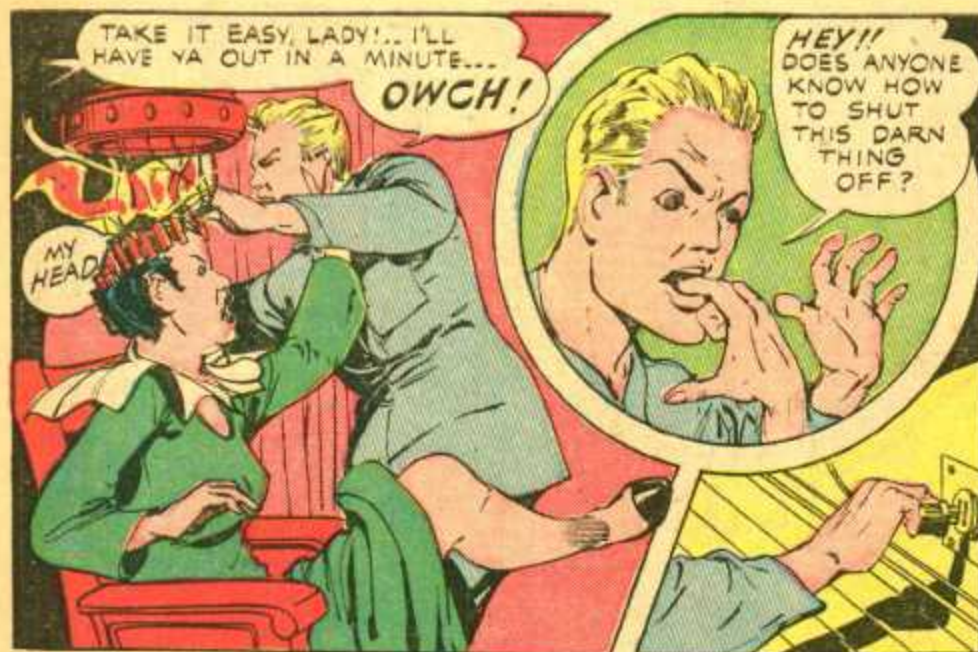
AW, MOM! ENOUGH'S
ENOUGH! I AINT GONNA
DRINK THAT STUFF!
YOU'D THINK I HAD
PE-NE-MONIA OR
SOMETHIN', THE WAY
YA CARRY ON!

NOW, SON..
EVEN FOR
A BIG
POLICEMAN,
MOTHER
KNOWS
WHAT'S
BEST!

**SUDDENLY...
THE SHRIEK
OF A POLICE
SIREN SPLITS
THE AIR...**

EH?... A SQUAD CAR!... ITS
STOPPING RIGHT OUTSIDE!
MOM...SEE
WHAT'S
HAPPENING!





AT THE STATION HOUSE...

YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT THIS TIME, RANKIN... I'M GONNA FIND THE MOST BORIN' JOB THAT EVER HIT THE POLICE FORCE.

PLEASE, SARGE, LISTEN!

OK, WISE GUY... LISTEN... THERE'S A LITTLE YEGG KNOWN AS THE "WHINER" SITTIN' TIGHT IN SOME HOLE DOWNTOWN... WE DONT LIKE HIS LOOKS. SEE WHAT YOU THINK.

WASTIN' MY GOOD TIME WATCHIN' SOME CHEAP CROOK!

610 RATCASE STREET! THIS MUST BE THE DUMP... I'LL STICK AROUND TILL HE SHOWS UP!

INSIDE 610 RATCASE STREET, BY A DINGY WINDOW SITS... THE WHINER!

ANUDDER COPPER!

WHAH!... WHY DONT DOSE GUYS LET ME ALONE?... BOO... HOO... NOW I'LL HAFTA PLUG HIM TOO!... SNIFF... SNIFF...

SNIFF... DIS'S GONNA KILL HIM... GEE, I FEEL TERRIBLE!

SHUCKS... HERE COMES DA DAME WIT DA DIRT. I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM LATER!

WHAT THE...? THATS THE GIRL WHO ASKED FOR ANDRE!

SHE'S GOIN' INTO 610

AN'... SO AM I!!



A DOOR JUST
OPENED ...THERE
SHE GOES!



LISTEN, WHINER...
YOU SHOULD HAVE
TOLD ME YOU HAD
TO KNOCK OFF ANDRE.
I ALMOST STUCK MY
HEAD IN A
NOOSE! GET
MOVING...THAT
FUNERAL IS
IN AN HOUR,
AND THE BIG
SHOT IS SURE
TO BE
THERE!



GEE!
THIS IS
SOMETHIN'

O.K., LET'S
GO!



OOF!

DA
COPPER!



BOO-HOO...!
NOW I GOTTA
TIE HIM UP...!
I HATE TO...!
DOSE GUYS
ARE ALWAYS
IN DA WAY!
BAW!..

STOP
SNIFFING,
AND
HURRY!



B-BE GOOD NOW...
AN' I'LL ONLY HAFTA KILL YA
DA EASY WAY!
SNIFF! SNIFF!

GLURG
GLOOMP



GOTTA GET
TO THE
WINDOW!



AWK!
I'M GOIN'
OVER!

HEY... THERE'S
A GUY FALLING
OUTTA THE
WINDOW!



A COP!...
HOPE HE'S
NOT HURT
BAD!



THANKS
FOR GETTIN'
ME LOOSE,
MISTER!

YOU'RE
O.K.?



SWELL... WELL, SO
LONG... I'LL GIVE
YA A COUPLA TICKETS
TO THE POLICE BALL
SOMETIME!!



THEN...

I READ ABOUT
SOME BIG FUNER-
AL IN THE
PAPER THIS
MORNING.
I WONDER...!
THIS IS THE
PLACE ITS
BEING HELD
IN!



GUESSED IT ALL RIGHT!...
THERE'S MY WHINER FRIEND
SOBBIN' LIKE HIS HEART
WOULD BREAK! AN'
THE DAME TOO!

SNIFF...
SNIFF...



I'LL SIT HERE AN...
UH, OH-HE'S PULLIN'
A KNIFE ON THE
GUY IN FRONT!



IT'S REAL
NICE BACK
HERE,
WHINER!



ROOKIE PRESENTS HIS
TWO CAPTIVES TO A
STUPEFIED SERGEANT...!



(BOO HOO...!) YA'
SHOULDA LET ME
KILL HIM... HE
WOULDN'T PAY ME
BLACKMAIL WHEN
I NEEDED THE
DOUGH BAD! P-POOR
ANDRE...! I HADDA
KNOCK HIM OFF CAUSE
HE WOULDN'T DO DIS
JOB FOR ME...(SNIFF...)
I REALLY HATE TO KILL
PEOPLE, BUT I GOTTA!



THE WHINER...
SO SAD. (SNIFF...
SNIFF...)

WUN CLOO



by
RALPH
JOHNS

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE



The PURPLE TRIO

THE EXTRAORDINARY VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS WHO MAKE UP THE *Purple Trio* ARE WARREN, THE VENTRILOQUIST, ROCKY, THE STRONG MAN, AND TINY, THE SINGING MIDGET.

A TALL BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS AGREES TO BE TINY'S BRIDE! WHY? WHAT SINISTER SCHEME LIES BEHIND THIS STRANGE COMBINATION?



THE PURPLE TRIO HAVE FINALLY MADE GOOD.. BROADWAY HAS AGAIN ACCEPTED VAUDEVILLE AND THE CRITICS HAVE ACCEPTED THE BOYS

TIME FOR THE THEATRE, GENTLEMEN!

IN THEIR SMART NEW APARTMENT, WARREN AND ROCKY IMPATIENTLY AWAIT TINY..

WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL DAY!

WE'LL BE LATE FOR SURE THIS TIME!

GOOD EVENING, BOYS? *DUM DE DUM*



WHERE WERE YOU?

TUT TUT.. YOU'LL FRIGHTEN BABY!

BABY?



AND JUST WHERE DID YOU PICK UP "BABY"?

I ASK YOU PLEASE DON'T SHOUT. BABY IS THE PROPERTY OF THE COUNTESS AGNES?

COUNTESS? WHAT COUNTESS?

NOW, TINY, TRY TO FORGET THE COUNTESS AND HER "BABY". WE'RE IN THE DOUGH NOW!

OH YES, BY THE WAY BOYS, SURPRISE! THIS IS MY LAST PERFORMANCE... I'M GOING TO WED THE LOVELY COUNTESS AGNES!

YOU WHAT? WELL HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT!?



WITHOUT STOPPING TO ANSWER, TINY STEPS OUT FOR HIS ACT AS THE MANAGER STEPS IN.



JUST THOUGHT I'D TELL YOU, BOYS, AS A TRIO YOU'RE TERRIFIC... BUT IF ONE OF YOU LEFT THE ACT... WELL...

WHAT?

YEAH... THANKS!

NOW WE ARE IN A MESS! IF TINY LEAVES US, WE LEAVE THE THEATRE!



THEN MY GOOD FRIEND, I SUGGEST WE PAY A VISIT TO THIS COUNTESS DIRECTLY AFTER THE SHOW!

AFTER THE SHOW...

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN?

HMM... SEEMS WE HAVE INTERRUPTED A LITTLE CARD GAME!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE COUNTESS!



WHAT?

THE COUNTESS AND MR. TINY ARE IN THE GARDEN, GENTLEMEN!

WELL AIN'T THAT ROMANTIC?

SOMETHING FUNNY IS GOING ON HERE!

SAY, WARREN, DID YOU NOTICE THE COUNTESS' PALS? WHAT KIND OF A JOINT IS THIS?



FOR CRYING
OUT LOUD?

TSK TSK!
LOOK AT
TINY! IT'S
DISGUSTIN'!

'OO IS
MY LITTLE
MAN, HUH?

SURE,
TOOTSIE!

WELL?
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

PARDON US!
COULD WE
HAVE A
PRIVATE
WORD WITH
"LITTLE
MAN"?

OH!
OH!

AND SO...

NOW LISTEN,
TINY.. IF YOU
DON'T COME
TO YOUR
SENSES, WE'LL
ALL GET
FIRED!

YOU MUGGS
ARE JUST
JEALOUS!
I'M GOING
TO MARRY
AGNES!

AND A NEW COMPLICATION
TAKES HOLD...

OUCH!

COME, TINY.. I'M
WAITING!

ALL RIGHT,
TINY, BUT
YOU'LL REGRET
THIS.. SO HELP
US!

GOOD NIGHT,
GENTLEMEN!

AW COME
ON! WE'LL
LEAVE THESE
ROUGHNECKS!

Suddenly, ONE OF THE CARD PLAYERS PASSES THEM...

NICE LOOKING BIRD!
TAKE A LOOK AT
THE ROD HE'S
CARRYING!

YEAH!

ON SECOND
THOUGHT, I
THINK WE'LL
STAY!

LET'S
TAKE A
LOOK
AROUND!





SOON THE CAR SPEEDS OFF TO THE AUTHORITIES WITH THE ENTIRE SPY GANG PRISONERS.



The Wall of invisible Fire

Like black beads in a tiny necklace, the little party of horsemen wound down the long, steep trail. To the west lay the towering, snow-capped Andes, which they had crossed, by some miracle, without the loss of a man or beast.

"But we're a long ways off yet," said Jimmy Christian to the man riding nearest him. "I think we must be something like fifty miles from the valley; I seem to recognize some of the landmarks."

Hatch Blanding nodded. "Yeah, looks that way," he said. "But it's pretty hard to make out landmarks down here, which you've spotted from a plane at five thousand."

It was to be a trek of momentous discovery, this one. Jimmy Christian and Blanding had been commissioned by the University of California to penetrate the Valley of the Nazca in eastern Peru, for the purpose of securing data on a race of amazing people who had inhabited that country before 600 A.D.

It was hardly to be hoped that any survivors were left. According to the findings of a Dr. Krohber, the Nazcas had lived since time immemorial in a comparatively small valley which had no outlet. Or, rather, there was an outlet. And it is this exit which disclosed to the anthropologist that a people had or still did reside in the locked valley. Dr. Krohber and his party had stumbled upon it the year before. They had been struck by the number of skeletons that lay sprawling near the outlet—most of them showing that death had come from a strange cause.

In the doctor's report to the college he had said: "All of those skeletons had been burned terribly. None of them were less than three hundred years old. What burned them, however, we were

unable to find out as the pass had been blocked by a great landslide some time before our arrival."

Now, exploring for a lost race is one of the duties most loved by Jimmy Christian, who has performed many feats as recorded in these records in the past.

Jimmy had come well prepared to uncover the slide and the pass. Three pack horses carried a large quantity of dynamite, and three others carried some six hundred pounds of sheet lead. Just what the lead was for he wouldn't tell Blanding who thought he was foolish for bringing such an item. Jimmy just smiled and said, "I'm not sure just why I brought it, Hatch, and if I've been wrong I'll take the laugh in stride."

But Jimmy didn't think he was wrong. The anthropologist's report had intrigued him immensely. If this should turn out to be the find he thought it might, then not only their fame as explorers, but the entire nation, would be rewarded.

For two days they rode the craggy trails, made mostly by llamas and goats. The air got warmer as they descended the high plateau from the Andes. Another day would find them in tropical weather.

It was toward the end of the second day that disaster struck them. They had been riding down a particularly steep portion of the plateau when Jimmy suddenly halted his mount.

"Listen!" he said. "That roaring—"

"Look!" cried Blanding, pointing toward the mountains. "Landslide!"

They lashed the jaded horses into a gallop, heading for a rise that lifted from the plateau a mile north of them. If they could make

that they might escape the millions of tons of rock and debris roaring toward them. This was the season of slides, when the high snows melt and tiny rivulets become terrible rivers in a moment.

Two of the horses fell on the hard lava and they had a difficult time getting them to their feet again, and in motion. By now the avalanche was less than a half mile off and coming with the speed of an express train.

"Hurry!" shouted Jimmy. "We've got to make that rise, or we'll be ground to pieces!"

Blanding lashed his horse unmercifully.

They made safety just as the vast slide thundered down the slope behind them, almost slicing their heels.

"Whew!" gasped Jimmy. "That was really a close one! After this we'll keep one eye on the rear."

Blanding mopped his perspiring face. "I guess we won't have much trouble with slides when we get down to the lower levels."

The morning of the third day found them only a few miles from the Valley of the Nazca, which they made out in the distance by its curtain of shimmering blue haze. Evidently it was a big valley.

At two o'clock that afternoon they were dismounting at the closed outlet. Immediately Jimmy went about examining the skeletons of the Nazca men which littered an area several hundred yards in extent.

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Blanding set up camp, unloaded the pack horses, and got out instruments. Suddenly Jimmy called to him: "Look here, Hatch. This looks funny." He pointed to one of the skeletons. The whitish bones of the entire left side were half burned through.

"You see it?" asked Jimmy. "Whole left side badly scorched. It's the same with all the others. Only the left side. Now what do you make of that?"

Blanding scratched his head. "Is funny, huh? Mebbe it was some sacrificial fire they went through—"

"Not a chance!" Jimmy cut in. "Know what I think?" He halted. "Skip it for the moment. Let's blast this hole open and get a peek at the valley."

While Blanding was preparing for the blasting, Jimmy began unrolling the thin sheets of lead and making a sort of armor of them. Blanding finished his work and stood watching Jimmy for a moment. Then he shook his head.

"Mebbe I'm nuts," he said. "But I ain't alone! Just what the heck are you doin'?"

Jimmy grinned. "Watch!"

It required a dozen charges of dynamite to cut a hole through the pass, but it was managed just before sunset. Blanding started into the opening, but Jimmy grabbed him.

"Steady, old horse!" he cautioned. "Remember these babies got burned coming out. No use taking chances. Let's let it wait till morning."

Blanding muttered something about crackpot, but he didn't insist upon entering the darkening pass. They had a good dinner and rolled in their blankets.

Jimmy was up at the crack of dawn. He shook Hatch. "Come on, sleepy head. We got work to do!"

Grumbling, Blanding crawled out of his sleeping bag. As he got breakfast, he had another surprise watching Jimmy. Young Chris-

tian was busily setting a snare, sprinkling red berries around it.

"Now what?" Blanding asked.

"Trap a bird," said Jimmy. "May need it a little later on."

"Of all the dim-wits," sighed Blanding as he poured buckwheat batter in the hot frying pan. Jimmy just grinned.

As the sun was peeping over the eastern jungle, they started for the pass. Blanding was grumbling under the weight of lead armour Jimmy had made him don. But both of them were thus decked out as they made their way slowly through the cleft. Jimmy had tied the legs of the bird he had captured in the snare with a bit of string, which he had in turn fastened to a long switch. This he carried held in front of him, the bird twittering and struggling as it dangled from the string.

Five minutes' walk took them through the pass, and now they were looking down into an immense valley above which clung the thick haze.

"Now," said Jimmy, "I guess we can take off the lead worsted and be safe."

They pulled off the thin sheets. Blanding said, "Just what do you think you've pulled, anyway? Let me in on this secret, lug!"

Jimmy chuckled. "Haven't you guessed yet? Take a gander at our little bird."

The bird hung, dead, at the end of the string.

"What the—" began Blanding.

Then he gaped. Jimmy placed the bird on the ground, turning it over and over slowly. It was scorched as if it had passed through the flame of a torch.

"Burned," said Jimmy. "Just as we'd have been burned had we not worn this lead covering. I'd wager that if the bird hadn't kept turning and fluttering, it would only have been burned on one side—the left one, the same as those poor devils lying out there."

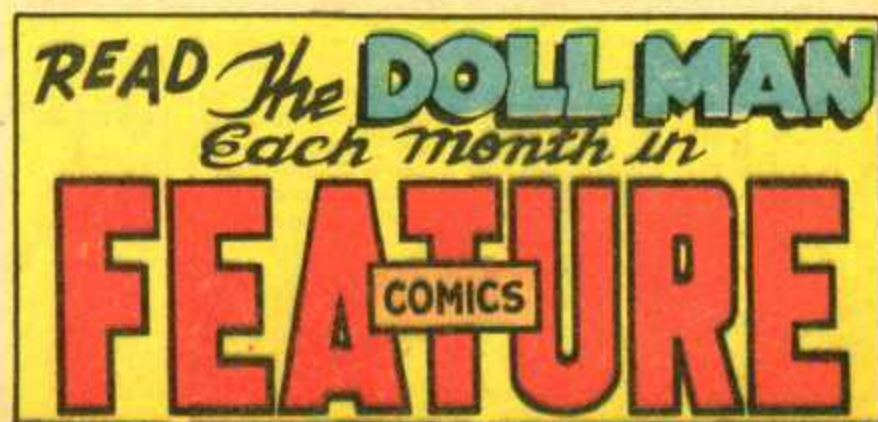
"You mean," said Blanding as realization dawned on him, "that there's a deposit of—"

"Radium!" stated Jimmy. "Probably the biggest deposit in the entire world. And it's right there in the north wall of the pass, waiting for us to take it out. Imagine, Hatch, what we've found! With this radium America will have a corner on the supply! It will mean a lot in defense."

Blanding nodded, gazing off across the valley. "What a beautiful natural barrier to keep invaders out and its people in," he said. "Why, if an army tried to pass through that cut, they'd be burned to death—unless they had sense enough to wear lead."

"Right!" Jimmy replied. "Well, let's go on down in the valley and take a look around. We'll shoot some pictures and take notes of what we see, and then get back to the States and report our find."

(Jimmy didn't even guess it at the time, but he was in for a series of thrills down there in the Valley of the Nazcas! Perhaps we'll hear about it later on.)





THE GREAT WESTCOTT AIRCRAFT
COMPANY ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY.



SUDDENLY!









DIANE WESTCOTT MANEUVERS HER SHIP BEAUTIFULLY AND WINGS MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE ATTACKERS...

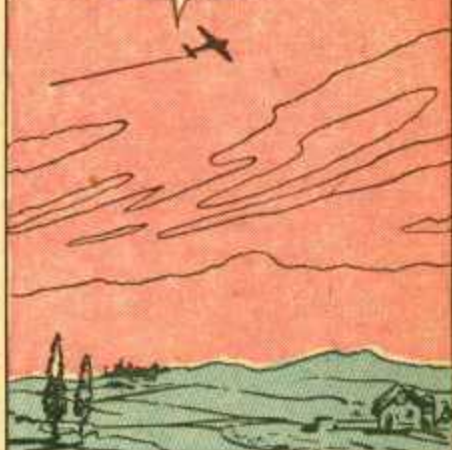


YOU'RE A FOOL-HARDY GIRL, DIANE, BUT YOUR FATHER WOULD UNDERSTAND!

I ONLY REGRET THAT I'M RISKING YOUR LIFE NOW...



WE'RE OVER OCCUPIED FRANCE... WHEN WE CROSS THE RHINE, WE'LL FOLLOW THE RAILROAD FROM ESSEN TO BERLIN!



ALLIED BOMBER OVER ESSEN... HEAD-ING INTO GERMANY... ALTITUDE 20,000 FT.



DIANE, THE NAZIS HAVE LOCATED US... WE MUST CLIMB HIGHER TO ESCAPE THEIR FIGHTERS!



I... I CAN'T BREATHE... I'M GETTING WOOLY I... UH...

THE AIR IS RARE... QUICK GET THIS OXYGEN TUBE IN YOUR MOUTH



40,000 FT. WE CAN'T BE SEEN NOR HEARD FROM THE GROUND... BERLIN HERE WE COME!!



THIS MAY BE THE END, DIANE... AND IN CASE WE NEVER GET BACK!...





OVER THE REICH
CAPITAL! RELEASE
BOMBST



FROM OUT OF ONE OF THE CRUMBLING
BUILDINGS STUMBLES THE MOST
HATED MAN IN THE WORLD GRAVELY-
INJURED...



WE... DID IT!!
BUT FROM NOW ON
ALL OF GERMANY
WILL BE OUT TO
GET US!!



I'M
SCARED!

THAT'S A HOT ONE
...AFTER FLYING THE
OCEAN AND BOMBING
BERLIN!



WE'RE
HIT!



IT'S THE
END... EVERY-
THING'S GETTING
BLACK!!



DAYS LATER... IN A HOSPITAL IN
SWEDEN...

OOOHH! I
HAD THE
WORST
DREAM!

NOW LIE BACK
AND TAKE IT EASY,
YANK... IT WAS A
MIRACLE THAT YOU
REACHED SWEDEN
IN THAT BULLET-
RIDDLED PLANE!



YOUR COMPANION
IS RECOVERING FROM
SHOCK AND BRUISES.
...BY THE WAY GERMANY'S
FUHRER WAS ALMOST
KILLED IN A RAID ON
BERLIN LAST NIGHT!

IS THAT
SO? THOSE
FLYERS MUST
HAVE BEEN
PRETTY CLOSE
TO GET IN
A CRACK
LIKE THAT!

THE MARKSMAN



IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME, A CASTLE ON THE ONE-TIME POLISH BORDER BARON POVALSKY DISGUISED AS THE NAZI, MAJOR HURTZ, CONTINUES HIS VALIANT FIGHT AGAINST THE ENEMY NOW OCCUPYING HIS HOME. ONLY HIS SERVANT, VORKA, KNOWS HE IS THE MARKSMAN...

PUBLIC NOTICE!

MAJOR HURTZ
CHALLENGES
THE MARKSMAN
TO A BATTLE
TO THE
DEATH!

GOOD!
ANOTHER
NAZI WILL
DIE!!

VAT
DIT
YOU
SAY?

BUT HOW DO YOU
INTEND TO "KILL"
THE MARKSMAN,
BARON.. WHEN
YOU ARE HE?

WELL I WILL
NEED YOUR
HELP, VORKA
I HAVE A
SCHEME..

YOU SEE I NEED A GOOD
EXCUSE TO GO TO BERLIN...
HITLER WILL CALL ME THERE
TO REWARD ME IF I CAN
KILL THE MARKSMAN...



THAT NIGHT AT DINNER.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
ENROUTE TO BERLIN...

HERO OF THE REICH...
HA! ALL I WANT IS TO
FREE THE POLISH
INVENTOR, WAKOVSKY.
IT WILL NOT
BE EASY!!



AT THE AIRPORT...



DER FUEHRER WILL
BE IN BERLIN TO-
MORROW.. MEAN-
WHILE OUR
THEATERS AND
CAFES ARE
OPEN TO YOU!!!



I DID NOT COME
SOLELY FOR RE-
WARD AND
PLEASURE, MAR-
SHAL.. TAKE ME
TO THE POLE,
WAKOVSKY.. I
BELIEVE I CAN
"INFLUENCE" HIM
TO WORK FOR
US!



THE MAJOR'S REQUEST IS GRANTED.

SO, WAKOVSKY, YOU STILL
REFUSE TO DO THE REICH'S
WORK, EH! WE HAVE
FOUND YOUR LITTLE
DAUGHTER AND I HATE
TO SEE HER
HARMED!!



DO NOT PRETEND ANY
LONGER... WE WANT
TO BE FRIENDS...
TO PROTECT HER...
BUT IF YOU
REFUSE...

BUT I
HAVE
NO...



WH--- OH YES..
MY DAUGHTER..
H-M-M... NO.. NO..
NOT EVEN FOR
HER! RATHER
SHE WERE DEAD
THAN ALIVE IN
A NAZI
WORLD!!



HE CANNOT BE SO
HEARTLESS! HE MUST
BE PLANNING AN
ESCAPE...



THAT NIGHT...

WHAT'S THIS!
A RUBBER
NOSED ARROW..
AND A NOTE!



"LIGHT A
MATCH AT
THE LEVEL OF
YOUR GUARDS
HEART"...





I HAVE NO MATCH, BUT... AH YES, MY HIDDEN CIGARETTES... GUARD!



WELL? HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND?

I AM THINKING IT OVER... HERE HAVE A CIGARETTE.



DANKA...

WHILE ON A LEDGE OPPOSITE THE PRISON WINDOW.



THE LIGHT !!



WITH DEADLY AIM, THE MARKSMAN HITS HIS DIFFICULT TARGET...

AAAAHH!



AH... THE KEYS!



HALT... AAAHH!



HSST!



YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A SHORT RIDE IN AN AMBULANCE FROM HERE..

DOCTOR WERNER, AT THE HOSPITAL WILL HELP ME GET YOU OUT OF GERMANY.. HE IS A MEMBER OF THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT HERE!!

THAT IS GOOD!

NEXT DAY...

REWARD? YOU SHOULD BE LIQUIDATED! THE MARKSMAN IS ALIVE AND IN BERLIN! LAST NIGHT HE HELPED A PRISONER TO ESCAPE!!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

I'LL GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE TO REDEEM YOURSELF.. BRING BACK THE POLE WAKOVSKY, DEAD OR ALIVE! BUT THIS TIME I WANT TO SEE THE BODY!



AT THE HOSPITAL...

BEFORE WE CAN SEND HIM OUT OF GERMANY, I'VE GOT TO PROVE WAKOVSKY'S DEAD! DR. WERNER... CAN YOU...

CERTAINLY.. HANS! SEND ME A FRESH CADAVER FROM THE LABORATORY !!

I'VE NEVER DONE A PLASTIC JOB ON A CORPSE BEFORE BUT.. NOW LET ME SEE YOUR PROFILE, WAKOVSKY..

HOW IS IT?

PERFECT!



LATER...

I HAVE TRAILED WAKOVSKY TO HIS HIDING PLACE... YOU MAY SEND SOME STORM TROOPERS TO MAKE THE ARREST!

AT ONCE, MAJOR!

DERE HE ISS.. DAT'S HIM!

BUT HE LOOKS..



WHILE ON A NEARBY ROOF.

I'LL MAKE IT TOUGH FOR THEM.. AND WHEN HERR HITLER SEES THAT HIS BEST STORM TROOPERS CAN'T GET THE MARKSMAN, HE WON'T BE SO HARD ON POOR MAJOR HURTZ!

VAT IN HIMMEL !!

DER MARKSMAN!!

ON DER ROOF.. GET HIM!!

WE MUST NOT LET HIM GET AWAY!

THERE HE... YAAAAA!!

HE'S THERE!

NO OVER HERE..

THAT VAY!

THIS VAY!

ACH..! HE ESCAPED!

WE HAVE THE BODY OF WAKOVSKY.. IT SHOULD BE ENOUGH!

ONCE AGAIN, MAJOR HURTZ IS CALLED BEFORE DER FUEHRER..

THIS TIME YOU HAVE EARNED A REWARD.. IT ISS OBVIOUS THAT THIS MARKSMAN ISS MORE THAN HUMAN!!

I WISH TO ASK ONE FAVOR, THE PRIVILEGE OF FLYING WITH A HEAVY BOMBER TO AFRICA!!!

GRANTED!

LATER AT THE AIRPORT...

I'M MAJOR HURTZ...
MY CREW HAS COME
TO LOAD THE BOMBER
I'M FLYING WITH
TOMORROW.. DER
FUEHRER'S ORDERS!!

YES
SIR!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT
IN THAT TUBE,
WAKOVSKY?

ALL
SET!



EASY
MEN!



NEXT DAY...

THIS ISS
AFRICA,
HERR MAJOR..

WE'RE
RELEASING
THE FIRST
BOMB
NOW!



AS THE "BOMB" IS RELEASED
WAKOVSKY GETS OUT OF
THE TUBE...



FOR DEMOCRACY
!!

UGH!

VAT
ISS?

BANG!
BANG!



AM I SEEING
THINGS 'ENRY?
THE BLIGHTER
TURNED TAIL
BEFORE WE
HAD A SHOT
AT 'IM!

..AND SOME-
ONE'S BAILED
OUT... C'MON,
LET'S 'AVE A
LOOK!



WELL, JAN WAKOVSKY
IS IN THE HANDS OF
THE BRITISH, FREE TO
DEVOTE HIS SKILL
TO THE
UNITED
NATIONS!!



AND NOW, BACK
TO POLAND.. VORKA
WILL BE WORRIED
ABOUT ME!!!

